16. l.

PRESBYTERY

TRULY

DISPLAY'D:

OR AN

Impartial Character

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN;

BEING

A Vindication of that Sanctified PARTY from the Virulent Calumnies of some Foul-mouth'd DETRACTORS in this Modern AGE.

To which is annexed

The BALLAD of the CLOAK.

LONDON,

Printed for the Author, and sold by *W. L.* at the *Crown* in *Cornhill.* 1681.

PRESBYTERIAN

TRULY

DISPLAY'D:

OR, AN

Impartial Charafter

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN;

A Tranſlation of that Sanctified PARTY
from the Virulent Calumnies of lome
ful-mouth'd DETRACTORS in this
Modern AGE.

To which is annexed

The BALLAD of the CLOAK.

LONDON,

Printed for the Author, and ſold by [illegible]
at the Crown in Cornhill. 1683.

PRESBYTERY
TRULY
DISPLAY'D:
OR AN
Impartial Character
Of that ſo much Abuſed
FACTION, &c.

PRESBYTERY! the very Name implies Age and Gravity, therefore not to be expoſed to the Obloquie of more Green and Frothy Wits, that are employ'd in Reviling this Innocent Faction; whereas Reverence ought to be given to the Gray Head, according to Merit, which is not to be Buffoon'd and Flurted at by every young Fop, who has not Phlegm enough to allay his Gall, nor Diſcretion ſufficient to check his Hot-headed Paſſions in their full Career; Nay, the word Puritan, a Nick-name Godfather'd on them by ſome of our ſcoffing *Shimei's*, and *Rakehel Rabſhakeh's*, implies in its genuine ſignification, no other than Purity; Like the Catharists of Old, who pretended to be more Sanctimonious than the reſt of their Brethren, free from wilful Sin, tho ſometimes accompanied with Humane Frailties and Immoralities, and thoſe ſufficiently Notorious, as you ſhall underſtand by this enſuing Character.

As for the common Name of *Phanatic*, it is the Appellative of all Diſſenters from our Holy Mother the Church of *England*; and ſo Conſequently not to be Appropriated ſolely to them: but he that denies it to any Faction, deſerves to be Caged up in that ſtately Structure in *Moorfields*, as much as any Lunatic that ever was confin'd thereto, ſince its Original Erection. But to return to the Matter in hand; if you take into your Serious Conſideration the enſuing Character of the *Presbytery*,

tery, I presume it will rince out all the Stains they have been Tainted with, and wipe away all those Opprobrious Calumnies they have been be-spatter'd with by some Black-mouth'd Buffoons. In short, take it as followeth: A *Presbyter* is a Person that Inveighs against Debauchery in General, and Thunders out *Anathema's* in a very Nonsensical Harangue against Drinking, Whoring and Swearing; but for Dissimulation, Hypocrisie, and Lying, *Belzebub* is not able to out-do him: And as I have heard it from one of the Rabbies of the *Westminster*-Sanhedrim, if there be one Place in Hell hotter than the other, that is the Portion of the Hypocrite; but I leave the Reader to make Application. He's a Man that always appears with a writh'd Close-stool Face, and makes such Grimaces, that you must needs think him to be on the Jakes, strain'd by the Operation of a smart Cathartic; so that it may be said of him more truly than it was of one of the Roman Emperors, *Ingenium male habitat.* His Wit (if any) is ill-lodg'd, his Soul is couch'd in a very Crabbed and Untoward Apartment; he ever appears, at best, like a Man out of his Wits, with a Swaggering pair of Ears, but not one inch of Hair; whereby you ought to understand, my Beloved, that he is no Legal Nazarite in the first place, and has been so Fortunate as to keep his Lugs on his Logger-head, tho by the Law of the Land he deserves to have them cropt (if not cut off) as well as the *Triumviri* of their Order, Professors of the Three most Noble Sciences in the Nation, Divinity, Law, and Physick. He is *Mercurius Cœlestis*, the Divine Mercury, or *Prime Gazeteer*, who acquaints the Lord of Hosts with the Success of Battles fought by his Peculiar People (as he Cants it in his Religious *Jargon*) during the late Unexampled Rebellion; and was the only Trumpet that Rais'd and Fomented it. He Out-gapes a Tarpaulin in a Hurricane, which induceth me to believe that the Distance of the Heavens is more remote than Astronomers by their Observations have Discovered, or otherwise his Affected and Squeaking Tone were enuf to reach the Blessed Spirits, and Disturb them in their Heavenly *Chorus* of *Hallelujahs*. He is the true Pulpit-Boffoon, the Ecclesiastical Mammamouchie, such a Cusheon-Cuffer, that it wants no Dusting for a Twelve-Month after. He can Prate and Pray (as he mis-calls it) three hours com. leaf by the Clock, with the Additional Help of Spawling, and the Assistance of Time-spending Coughs, Hums, and Haws; and Assaults the Deity daily with his Incongruous Preachment, that there is need of the Glorious Attributes of Patience and Long Suffering to Bear with, and Forbear him. The Sight of that Innocent and Decent Ornament, the Surplice will frighten him into a Tertian, and the Harmonious Sound of a well-tun'd Organ, touch'd by a Skilful Hand, cast him into an Hectic Feaver; a Distemper that scorns the power of Drugs, and is only Cur'd by Death. He's one that pretends to Religion, but abhors all Decency and Order; a Slovenly Fellow in Divinity, a mere Cloak

or

or Demicaſter-Divine, that ſcorns, and indeed deſerves not, the Ornamental Veſture of Cap and Gown. One that is ever Pregnant, yet with nothing but Impertinence, and that too much too; who ſtill winks in his prayer, as if he knew the very Way to Heaven Blind-fold, or were at Blind-mans-buff with his Blinder Congregation: So Starch'd and Formal in his Looks, that the Philoſopher, ſhou'd he ſee him, wou'd certainly laugh a ſecond time, when an Aſs mumbling of Thiſtles, at firſt was the occaſion of it; and then he begins and tires the Infatuated Auditory with —— *Lord! we know Lord! ah Lord we do! that thou Lord know'ſt, good Lord! that we know nothing; and we thank thee, O Lord, O Lord, I ſay, with Ingemination, we return thee Thanks, that thou haſt been pleas'd of thy great Goodneſs and Mercy, to make us ſenſible of our Nothingneſs: to make us empty our Selves of all Wordly and Carnal Things, for the Love of thee!* —— But enuf of this ſenſeleſs Gibberiſh. And what think you is the Reward of this Ejaculatory Vanity? Why, he is Supported for it by thoſe (that want Wit, God kno's, more than he does Money) I mean the Quarterly Benevolence of an Apron'd Auditory, that Comfort the Cockles of his Heart with Cawdles and Reſtoratives, weekly at leaſt; beſides the Religious Vails that he receives at a Galloping-Lecture; and the Work of the Day being over, then he makes uſe of a Point of Chamber-Exhortation, and beſtows on his Benefactreſſes a Holy Kiſs, and ſo Engenders Faith and Goodneſs in them, by his Cloſe-manag'd Conſolation: Now if after that, according to the uſual time, an Infant chance to Peep into the World, out of one of thoſe Sanctifi'd Wombs, 'tis doubtleſs a Babe of Grace, a Brat of the *Genevan* Reformation, being begot by ſo Zealous a Bigot, on a Superſtitious and Over-credulous *Devota*. *Rabadeneira*, and the Spaniſh *Mariana*, are the two Politic Jewels that he keeps in his Cloſet, who hath ſo imbib'd their King-Killing Tenets, that it is a matter of no ſmall Difficulty to Judge, whether the Jeſuit be Presbyteriz'd, or the Presbyter Jeſuited; there is ſuch a Metempſychoſis and Tranſamination among them, that it would puzzle *Pythagoras* himſelf to judge which is which; and if you ad the Directory, and Aſſemblies Annotations, you have a Complete Catalogue of his Library. Nay farther, He's a pretty Beagle that Howls forth Sedition, and Belcheth out Blaſphemy, *A la volee*, at Random; and if a well-minded Chriſtian be his Remembrancer, and Tax him with his Error, he then has Recourſe to his Zeal and Fervor, and affirms that his Holy Language is un-underſtood by the Prophane Reprover. Set-Forms of Prayer he calls the Stifling of

the Spirit, and meer Lip-labour, which are an Abomination to the Godly; but to Preach and Pray Extrumpery, and *ad Saltum*, O! there's the life and pulse of Religion, in such Fervent Oraisons and Vigorous Ejaculations. If there be one Sentence of Sense or Coherence in Two Hours Discourse, he that hears him may venture to forfeit both his Sense and Reason; for his Folly in Lavishing away his Time at so Idle a Rate. His Method is Singular, for he Quotes you a Scripture, and then as soon plays the Fugitive, runs away from his Text, and Prates so long, till his Auditory run away from him too, before he has done. He's such a Cushion-*Cuffer*, that he beats the *Suggestum*, till the Place Eccho's with the Noise of his Hand-Cuffs; and it is impossible for a Man over-grown with a Deep Lethargy, to take a Nap in his Conventicle; for before he can do that, he will catch you (as *Mos* caught his Mare) Napping. The Common Prayer is his Common Grief, tho' some of the Common People Curse him for it; but he, like a Religious Fox, verifies the Proverb, *The more he's Curs'd the more he Thrives.* He's a Turbulent Fop, who is never Content with any Government, till his Head be Elevated a Pole higher than his Shoulders; and in truth, *London-Bridge* is the best place for a Presbyterian Noddle. He studies Invectives against the *Pope*, and in plain English, upon the account of his Ecclesiastical Authority, is himself but a Parochial Popeling, and Damns and Saves *ad Libitum*, as he pleases; like his Holiness, who presumes to do so too. He walks as Demurely as a Spaniard, or like a Man newly Recover'd of a Consumption; so that you may say the Dominical Prayer between every step. He's a Man of a Crazy Constitution at best, and when he Salutes you, he pulls off his Castor with more unbecoming Formality and Simple Affectation, than a Countrey Carrier. He's of a Stubborn Inflexible Perswasion, one that will Bow to a Kirk-Jockey, but not the Lord Jesus: he will Cringe to a Holy Sister, but can't bend the Ham in the Lords Prayer. Yea, and Nay, is the Standard of his Conversation, and I solemnly Protest and Vow, the highest of his Asseverations. In truth his Religion is but a meer Puppet-show, for he delights only in Formality, tho' he hates all Approved Forms of well Regulated Devotion. Look upon him in *Puris Naturalibus*, and Nature has Imprinted a Lively Character of him; for he is but an Inch on this side of a Natural. His True Zeal he pretends to (if any) is too Hot, and his false Religion (as we justly term it) is too Cold. In short, He's a Church Incendiary, a Pulpit Boutefeu, an Ecclesiastic Buffoon, a Preacher of Sedition,

a

a Fomenter of Rebellion, a pretended Friend both to King and Countrey; but in truth the ſole Enemy of both. And ſo we leave him and his Faction to a Condign Puniſhment here, and conclude with a ſlight, tho' home Touch, of their State hereafter, by an account of a late Viſion in Hell. That there are no *Presbyters* in Hell, that's the Tenet which was prov'd Irrefragably, by the Great Learning and Sophiſtry of a Reverend Elder (I mean *Presbyter*, for that's his Down-right Engliſh Name) who did hold forth in that Large and and Spacious Congregation at *Pinners Hall*, and in his Sermon did ſufficiently expatiate on the Commendations and Merits of the *Presbytery*, returnng great Acknowledgement to the Diſpoſer of all Things, that his Lot was caſt to be one of that Society, and happily Clos'd his Ingenious Harangue with this his late Viſion: Not long ago, when the Sun had deſerted our Hemiſphere, and all things were at their Reſt, but the Active Fancy of Man, I was ſuddenly ſurpriz'd with a Strange, but True Dream, that I was by an unheard of Providence, carried into Hell; where arriv'd, I to ſatisfie my Curioſity, Gaz'd about, and there I ſaw, as my Imagination prompted me to believe, ſeveral Popes, Emperors, Potentates, Kings, Queens, Cardinals, Jeſuits, Independents, Browniſts, Anabaptiſts, Quakers, Millenarians, with a vaſt number of Monks and Friers; nay, ſome of all Profeſſions whatſoever, whether Civil or Eccleſiaſtical: But upon the ſtricteſt Survey I cou'd make, not one Presbyter appear'd among them all. So that with Erected Hands I Darted up a Pious Ejaculation to Heaven, that it was my Chance, by the Aſſiſtance of Providence, to be of that Religious Order, of whom many were Deceaſed, but none for their Impieties ſent to Hell; and ſo he concluded his Harangue with a freſh Panegyric of the Presbyterian party.

The Sunday ſubſequent, it was the fortune likewiſe of an Independent to Teach in the ſame Congregation, where he made a large Repetition of the major part of the Presbyterians Work, the precedent Day, and did bemoan himſelf that he was not ſo Happy to be of that Fraternity; but *in fine*, he acquainted the Aſſembly as followeth; I, ſaid he, alſo had a Viſion, wherein I imagin'd my ſelf in Hell, and eſpied ſeveral perſons of all Orders, eſpecially of the Independents, which made me with Aſtoniſhment Exclaim, *O what a Bleſſed Order is this! O that I had been a Presbyter! O that I had never underſtood Independency!* But recollecting my ſelf, as my phancy prompted me, I Beckon'd to a Diminutive Fiend in that Infernal Region, whiſper'd to him, and ask'd

asked him, Whether there were no *Presbyterians* in those Territories? Who Replied very Affably and Civilly, That there were none, but that they were Lock'd up in a large *Contignation* below the place where I was, and there they were in Multitudes, and Throng'd so fast to those Subterraneous Regions, that there was scarce room enuf to contain them: but they were too Seditious to be in the Common Apartment of the Damn'd, for if they were, they would set *Satan's* whole Kingdom on Flame, and put all his Inhabitants and Vassals into an Universal and Domistic Rebellion. Nay farther, that he durst not let them have a *Mariana* or *Calvin*, for fear they shou'd Preach Sedition, and be overheard, and so consequently set his whole Dominions into a Combustion.

To close all with the words of a Learned Pen, There was never such a Monster as the Quondam Ruling, and Constituted Presbytery: The Father of it Rebellion, the Mother Insurrection, the Midwife Sacrilege, the Nurse Covetousness, the Milk Schism, the Coats Armor, the Rattle Drums, a Bloody Sword the Coral, and Money the Babies it delights to play withal: It gro's up to be a Stripling, and goes to School to a Council of War, its Lesson is on the Trumpet, it's Fescu a Pistol, it's going out of School is in Rank and File, it's Playdays the Days of Battle, and black Monday the day of Judgement. It com's of Age, and is Married with a Solemn League and Covenant, it begets Children like it self, whose Blessing upon them is the power of the Sword, and whose Imposition of hands are broken Pates. This Monster pulls down the truly Ancient, Apostolic Power, which the Bishops exercised, and delivers up their King to the Hang-Man. And thus farewel, thou Notorious Impostor, known by the Common Name of *Jack Presbyter.*

Decipies alios Verbis, vultuque benigno,
Nam mihi, jam notus, Dissimulator eris.

F I N I S.

IMPRIMATUR.

High Jinks, cum Privilegio
Ked. Baxt. & *Consensu Alior*

133397